



GHOST

TRACKERS

NEWSLETTER

VOL. 7 NO. 1

FEBRUARY 1988



GRS





Editors page:

The holidays were, as usual, a very busy time for me, especially around Halloween. The tours went very well and we plan many new stops for next year!

I wish to thank the following individuals for their contributions to the GRS: Jon Mullin, Antony Egan, Lewis Harrison, Glen Humphrey, James Crocker, Alice Conway, and Joe Zarzynski for the clippings they sent; Carol Masonburg, Tom Perrott, Joseph Duh and Rosalie Pavon for the pictures they have sent; Linda Meadows, Milford Webster and Tom Perrott for articles; Lori Mellott, Richard Kerscher, Sharida Rizzuto, Ray Manners and Eileen Keglovitz for Christmas cards; and F.S. Miller, Martin Riccardo and Eileen Keglovitz for the Halloween and get well cards I received and a special thanks to Eileen Keglovitz for the pair of slippers that I received while in the hospital from her! Thanks to all!!

Starting with the next issue, I would like to add another column on a trial basis in the newsletter. I would like to call it "The Celebrity Page" and it would feature members of the GRS who have had articles printed in their local newspapers about the work they do in regards to parapsychology or ghost research. The article must be able to fit on the current standard page size or must be reduced to fit in some way. This will officially start with the June edition, so start sending in your articles and stories.

Since the last newsletter we have added 14 new members and retained 22 old members through renewals. Thanks to all those who are now part of the GRS family!

I would also like to announce our first lifetime membership, William T. Holifield, also Contributing Members - Evelyn Geras, Phyllis Butcher, Pamela Madrid and John Anderson, and Sustaining Members - Antony Egan, Christopher Varney and Heidi Hutton.

## GHOST RESEARCH SOCIETY

I guess the biggest news for the GRS and Excursions Into The Unknown are the finalizing of the plans for the upcoming tour of haunted Britain this year! The tour will depart on Friday evening June 10, 1988 and will return on the 24th. I will be your official guide to some of England's most haunted locations as well as mystical and mythical places. We will be staying in some of the best three and four star hotels and most meals are included.

The trip will be divided into two main parts. Part one includes a seven day motor coach tour of such locations as: Kent, Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, Southampton, Salisbury, Stonehenge, Dartmoor, Plymouth, The West Country, St. Ives, Land's End, St. Michel's, Polderk Country, Linton, Wells, Bristol, Bath, The Cotswolds, Burford, Oxford, Windsor and Hampton Court.

The second part of the trip will feature a six day stay in the heart of London and visiting such sites as: The Tower of London, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, Highgate Cemetery and much, much more!

The entire tour includes the 7 day trip, six days in London, English breakfasts and dinners, twin bedded rooms, baggage, tips and airport transfer. The total price of the "land" trip (excluding airfare) is \$1538.00 based on double occupancy; \$244.00 for single occupancy and is based on the international currency market. A deposit of \$200.00 (\$150.00 non-refundable) is required as soon as possible for booking and reservation purposes with the remainder due by April 10th. All checks should be made payable to A & P Travel Agency and be mailed to GRS, PO Box 205, Oaklawn, IL. 60454-0205 or you can call (312)425-5163 for further information.

This will be an splendid opportunity for those who have never been overseas to tour through England's most haunted locations and see many of the major tourist attractions as well. A & P Travel Agency will even book your airplane tickets for you and guarantee you the lowest prices anywhere for no additional charge. But you must hurry because seating is limited and will not be repeated again this year!

The newsletter of the quarter is the Gnostic Times Newsletter. This publication is chock full of interesting stories and regular columns such as Reader's Share! and has a first-rate Classified Section. For further information and subscription rates contact: Gnostic Times, RD#1, B75C, Port Crane, NY. 13833.

## DEATH DINES AT JEDBURGH

By

Tom Perrott

The glories of Scotland's ecclesiastical past are particularly rich in the Border region. Here within a few miles radius of one another, are still to be seen the once proud Abbeys of Melrose, Dryburgh, Kelso and Jedburgh, and visitors may still behold the vestiges of their ancient splendour and picture to themselves the days, when the influence of Holy Mother Church was indeed a Power in the land.

Jedburgh Abbey, the subject of this article, should be of special interest to my American readers, because it was here that Edgar Allan Poe derived the inspiration for his Gothic masterpiece "The Masque of the Red Death".

The Abbey was founded by the Scottish King David I in 1118, for an Order of Canons Regular from Beauvais. It was destroyed on the orders of Henry VIII, when the Scotts refused to betroth Mary Queen of Scots to his son Edward, who after became Edward VI.

Only the church of this once mighty Abbey now remains, but its bare shell still forms a prominent landmark, particularly from the South side of this ancient town.

There was a sound of great reverly in the Great Hall of the Abbey, when the marriage took place of the childless monarch Alexander III (1249-85) to the fair Jolande, daughter of the Count of Dreux, and it was the fond hope among all present that the consummation of the Royal marriage would quickly result in the birth at last of an heir to the throne.

Suddenly among that great gathering of Scottish nobels, a strange figure was seen forcing its way through the ranks of those who were present. The figure was both shrouded and masked and when it drew nearer, to everyone's horror, it was seen to be wearing the cerements of the grave. The retainers indignantly tore away the clothing from the sinister figure to reveal nothing underneath. They averted their eyes in horror and when they looked again, the vestments had vanished.

There lived in that area a famous soothsayer and poet, Thomas the Rymer. He told the Earl of March that the 16th of March could be the stormiest day that ever was witnessed in Scotland. A few months after this unhappy marriage, on the 16th of March, the King returning that night from the Hunt, was thrown from his horse and killed.

## GHOSTS OF RIPON

By

Tom Perrott

When returning to London upon the completion of my recent holiday in Scotland, I decided to break the otherwise rather long journey by spending the night with my family in the ancient City of Ripon.

Ripon is situated in the Northern part of Yorkshire, the largest County in England, and so far as is known, possessing the largest number of haunted sites in the United Kingdom.

Apart from its 12th Century Cathedral, Ripon possesses another very ancient half-timbered building, known as the Wakeman's House. The Wakeman was an official, who was charged by the Local Authority with the protection of the City at night. Every evening for a thousand years, a hornblower has blown four blasts on his horn at the market cross and three times outside the Mayor's House, thereby signifying that the night's watch had in fact begun. In his distinctive uniform, complete with tricorne hat, the Hornblower looks a most impressive figure, but the present one is not averse to answering questions from the interested crowd, upon the completion of his musical duties.

The last Wakeman was one, Hugh Ripley, who became the First Lord Mayor of the City in 1604.

In 1923 the then Mayor had married into the family of Precious, who for a period of 100 years until 1911, had been occupants of the house. He suggested that the corporation should buy the house to preserve it and asked if the horn could be blown outside it, in addition, to the other places.

On the first occasion of the blowing of the horn outside the house, many of the people present were aware of "something white" in one of the top windows. They said that it must be the ghost of Hugh Ripley, who had been awakened by the revival of the old custom outside his old home.

Many members of the Precious family knew that the house was haunted. They had heard the sounds of ghostly footsteps at night. Chairs were often mysteriously pushed out of place. Many of the family felt an uneasy presence in their rooms at night, and once a strange wraithlike figure was seen gliding through one of the bedrooms.

Close to Ripon is Fountains Hall, a Jacobean building completed in 1611, stones from the nearby Fountains Abbey, having been used in its construction. The daughter of one of the owners, Sir Stephen Vyner, had been brutally murdered there. Her ghost has often been seen within the building, where she is known as the Blue Lady.

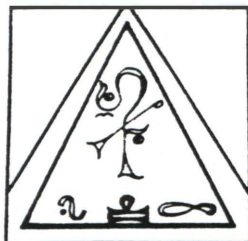
Fountains Abbey itself has also been the scene of ghostly manifestations. Monkish figures have allegedly been seen when the Abbey has been floodlit, although on these occasions the light might have played tricks. When filming in monochrome, the camera, had once picked up what were thought to have been the faces of a monk and a lady on a pillar and a colour film once picked up an inexplicable shape on the building at night.

These then are accounts of a few reported hauntings in one of our Counties. In actual fact similar stories may be collected from all other parts of the United Kingdom and it is my intention to tell you about some of them in future articles.

Tom Perrott, 93 The Avenue, Muswell Hill, London, N10 2QG, England, United Kingdom.



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## PARANORMAL REPORTING

By

Maurice Schwalm

The recent TV mini-series based on Shirley MacLaine's books; such as, *Out on a Limb*, has spawned numerous media discussions of New Age personalities and enthusiasts. Unfortunately, the insights of parapsychology have been improperly overlooked in the reporting and the long established New Thought movement has been improperly involved.

New Age thinking frequently involves what is now called channeling as a source of guidance. A medium goes into a trance and purportedly contacts wisdom sources from higher planes in the presence of an involved audience. Verification is neither sought nor provided. For example, the media reports concerning Ramtha do not suggest that anyone thought it reasonable to inquire as to the longitude and latitude of Atlantis or its date of destruction, let alone means by which such data could be verified. Instead, we are just to assume that we are hearing the voice of a 35,000-year-old Atlantean who is prepared to give us guidance on religious and social concerns of the 1980's, even though he has not reincarnated in the interim. Unlike wisdom figures of the past, he is prepared, through the medium whose voice he uses, to deal with a mass audience rather than manifesting to an inner circle.

This has very little to do with New Thought groups; such as, Unity, whose purpose has been officially stated as follows: "To teach the infinitude of the Supreme One, the Divinity of Man and his Infinite possibilities through the creative power of constructive thinking and obedience to the voice of the Indwelling Presence which is our source of Inspiration, Power, Health, and Prosperity." They learn to look within through heightened sensitivity gained in meditation.

It is even stranger that the incidental psychic claims of New Age groups are discussed with non-parapsychologists; such as, the Committee for the Scientific Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal. This is like interviewing Creationists concerning new findings in the areas of geology and astronomy. Parapsychology is the proper academic discipline to address. Parapsychology was founded in the 1880's to investigate such claims. The Parapsychology Association has been a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science since 1969. Many universities offer courses in the field, and John F. Kennedy University at Orinda, California offers a master's degree specifically in that area. Specialization is otherwise available within doctoral programs in other fields on other campuses.

I believe that the first discovery one would make in contacting professional parapsychologists, rather than professional skeptics, is that reincarnation, as discussed by New Age personalities, has little to do with that doctrine as found historically either in the East or the West. Pop reincarnation is a kind of "body hopping" that lacks the

distaste for ongoing reincarnation based on karmic debt to be found in the East, as well as the metaphysical subtlety of Theosophy which isn't sure that we ever reincarnate more than once on the same planet. It is not the conscious ego that reincarnates in any event.

The parapsychological research to date in this area by Dr. Ian Stevenson indicates that reincarnation, when and if it occurs, tends to be a local and repetitious experience that should not be confused with an "On a Clear Day You Can See Forever" excursion.

The whole media discussion will have been worth the trouble if we can learn from it to distinguish serious laboratory analysis of ESP and field investigation of spontaneous psychic phenomena from New Age enthusiasm as well as "Old Age" skepticism.

For information regarding psychic development in a group setting, call 816-561-6120.

Maurice Schwalm, 3424 Genessee St., Kansas City, Mo., 64111

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## ILLUSTRIOUS VISITORS

By

J. H. Halloran

"Ladies and Gentlemen, we will be landing in 15 minutes. For those who are leaving us at this time, the weather in Albuquerque is clear, temperature 67 degrees, wind 5 to 10 mph. We were happy you traveled with us, and hope you will fly with us again in the near future. At this time, we ask you to return to your seats and fasten your seat belts. Also, the NO SMOKING sign is on. If anyone needs assistance, feel free in calling on us. Thank you!"

As we began to descend, I had a tingling sensation across the shoulders, similarly affecting the back of the neck. A feeling much different than the usual excitement encountered when looking forward to meeting a friend after an absence of four years. This pulsating feeling, this rippling sensation back and forth across the shoulders, from past experience, always alerted me that something intriguing would follow. So, curious as to the significance, in order to differentiate these signals from the other present multiple physical manifestations, I sank back in the plush cushion seat, closed my eyes, and relaxed. Next, I started slow rhythmic breathing, to selectively tune my mental receiving circuit. (The slow, rhythmic breathing pattern is essential in achieving a theta level - second stage of altered consciousness.) However, this procedure failed in enhancing the signal, nothing more could be detected.

I was jolted back to reality when the plane banked so it could align with the runway. Touchdown was smooth, perfect. The pilot was correct, the sky was without clouds, the moon was full. I couldn't have had a more perfect welcome my first visit to this charming city.

My reunion with my friend was a most joyous occasion. We chatted away while walking down the long building toward the luggage retrieval area. Not having eaten since lunch, we stopped at a restaurant which afforded a view of the city lights. The full moon, the late evening lights, the dark mountain background made an impressive sight. Finally, we received signs from the manager that he wanted very much in calling it a day.

I checked into the motel, placed my bags in my room. I stood transfixed in the middle of the room. Once again, that old tingling feeling, plus, a strong drawing pull engulfed me. Letting the force lead me, I stepped outside in the courtyard. Two o'clock in the morning is an excellent time, a time of minimum extraneous vibrations for investigating these waves of strange, disruptive sensations. Immediately, I looked toward the north, direction of the towering, majestic Sandia mountains, beautifully bathed in moonlight. Actually, the mountain range begins north of the city, circles along the eastern boundary, then extends further south the length of the state.

My attention was focused on an area half way up the slope,

a short distance from the northern tip. Again, I tried tuning my mental receiver, bringing all my energy to bear on this particular area. The results? Only the same tingling sensation was evident nothing more. Surely, something should have come forth. The resultant vibrations were amplified at maximum strength, at peak wattage. This always proved successful in the past. This intensity always left me with an experience, mystical, mysterious, and exciting. No such luck this time. Eventually, tired and cold, I tumbled into bed. My friend was picking me up at 8:00 am for breakfast. Sleep came instantly.

The incessant clatter of my travel alarm announced a new day was beginning. Tuesday arrived bright and shiny. Sleepily, I went about the usual routine of shaving, showering, selecting an appropriate tie, frantically rushing around getting ready. Luckily, my friend was late. Lucky for me because once again I could stand in the courtyard, but view the slope in bright sunlight. Maybe something would come through that would untangle the perplexing, ponderous question. Before bringing my mental receiver up to full power, my friend turned into the courtyard, thus, ending any further experimentation.

Tuesday was spent touring the various important landmarks, bookstores, many, many interesting people. The sensations always lingered with me throughout the day, never totally absent. I was aware of its presence, some times quite strong, some times barely on the threshold of my consciousness. Usually, it was strongest outside whenever I stepped out of the car, or exited from a building. I would hesitate moving, momentarily looking toward the darker patch on the mountain slope, the spot I perceived as relative to the whole episode. Other than these cyclic intensities, no further progress. We wound up an exciting, exhausting day dining on an sumptuous seafood feast.

Returning to my room, I was determined in resolving this enigma. No longer would I tolerate this uncertainty, either something more would be added, or I would forcibly take steps to obliterate the input, reject my future similar manifestations. Thus, before retiring, I sat yoga-style on the floor, thereupon directly going to the theta level. Now I would get some action.

Wow! The room was filled with entities. Boy, was it crowded. It seemed like a thousand Indians were jammed within the confines of the room, all talking, all adding their bit to the din. Finally, I asked, "would some representative please step forward. All this talking must cease. Let's have one spokesman for the group". My request produced an old man, complete in Indian regalia, feather headdress, and attired in beautiful skin clothing. He introduced himself as the Medicine Man of a small, ancient tribe who once lived in this area about 600 to 800 AD. A hostile tribe forced them into the mountains to seek shelter in the caves. They barely existed in this restricted life style. Only a small remnant remained. Eventually, they made peace with the new tribe, gradually being absorbed into their way of life.

My entreaties failed in uncovering more facts. He did convey his need in my passing along a message to a specific person. Who? What message? He assured me more would be

revealed at the proper time. I was left with only these bare, meager facts. Although he did assure me my interpretation was correct in deciphering the existence of the caves in the mountain side. This wasn't much satisfaction.

Wednesday another sunny, cloudless day. I was on my own, my friend had previous appointments. After a leisure breakfast, I walked over to the bank on the opposite corner for a free city map. I hesitated at the corner, I looked up and down the street studying the many, unique buildings, noting the Spanish influence in the architecture. I turned toward the mountain hoping to gather in something. Believe it or not, what I gathered was the same tribe and Medicine Man. They surrounded me on the street corner. Knowing the WHO (person) or the WHAT (message) wouldn't be revealed, I concentrated on knowing more pertinent data about their tribal life. Nope, nothing. Guess I was open sufficiently for them to come bouncing through. They must like my company. Possibly, they were sticking close until I finished my mission. We crossed the street.

An amusing incident took place after we reached the opposite corner. Didn't realize the implication until it was over. It left me laughing out loud. Even now, it engenders a chuckle.

Different companies place benches on the corners for convenience of bus passengers. Not until later did I notice a lady sitting there. I must have been totally absorbed in walking with my Indian companions. I (we) walked a few blocks north into the residential section, away from the main business thoroughfare. Perhaps during this brief sojourn, I began talking, carrying on an audible conversation with the following entourage. This became evident when I (we) arrived back at the same corner. The lady fled in panic to the next bus stop down the street. It's a wonder she didn't call the cops. Once I realized how it must have appeared to her, this stranger talking to himself, I had a good laugh. My Indian friends stuck with me the rest of the day.

Wednesday afternoon, my host conducted a tour through an Indian reservation south of the city. We stopped at an adobe church which was outlined with illuminaries, left over from Christmas festivities. We wound around the narrow streets, lined with small adobe houses. Surely, I conjectured the vibrations would be the strongest on this reservation. This too proved a wrong conjecture.

That night during my meditation hour, my friends joined me, but nothing more came forth.

Thursday being my birthday, my host treated me to an excellent spaghetti dinner. This wasn't the run-of-the-mill, every-day, ordinary tomato sauce spaghetti dinner. It had a variety of boiled seafood chunks piled on a mound of spaghetti, smothered with a light broth containing lots of chopped mushrooms. I relished every bit right down to the tiniest mushroom tidbit. After dinner, we attended a healing meeting at the Center.

It was a small gathering, approximately twenty-five people. I was introduced to everyone at the close of the meeting. One particular man, as I shook his hand, startled me. The



vibrations indicated this man was the one who was to be the recipient of the message. We chatted awhile so I could be more positive. Yes! He must be the one. I asked him to step aside so I could convey some vital information, information that would be essential for his development. What I was going to relay, still puzzled me. Still no clues.

We retired to a couch in the corner. Once we were settled, the information came pouring out. I had no control over what I was saying, my Medicine Man was doing the dictating, literally controlling my vocal cords. Occasionally, the man nodded as I was speaking. Apparently, he acknowledged the veracity of the statements. The words meant nothing to me. Finally, I was spent, exhausted from the emotional strain.

The man thanked me for the message. He stated that he didn't understand all the words, but enough to assure the key would be unfolded in the future.

My duty over, my Indian friends ceased reappearing.

## ***Most College Students Have Had Psychic Experiences***

In a startling study, 70 percent of college students surveyed said they have actually had psychic experiences!

An incredible 29 percent of the students said they had communicated telepathically — by sending or receiving messages with just the sheer power of their minds.

Researcher Mike J. Nanko, who conducted the study of 92 students at Citrus College in

Azusa, Calif., said: "Sixteen percent had experienced precognition (seeing the future), 7 percent had precognitive dreams, 2 percent had poltergeist experiences and 3 percent had out-of-body experiences and 13 percent had seen apparitions or had apparent contact with spirits.

"Only 14 percent of the stu-

dents had no psychic experiences.

"The other 16 percent had some experiences that I actually couldn't confirm or even categorize.

"I wasn't surprised at the results because ESP and psychic abilities are possible in all of us."

— STEVE LONG

Dear Mr. Kaczmarek:

I first saw your ad in the October Rainbow Pages of Metapsychology. It seems to me that you may be interested in the story of Jack O'Donnell, my husband who passed into Spirit on November 5, 1986. You may print or use the following story as is, in any way you wish.

May I introduce to you Jack O'Donnell, the driving force behind the publication of The Messenger which we started in January 1980.

Since his death on November 5, 1986 he has manifested in the most incredible ways. His first effort was simple "I am going to school" which came through one of the mediums of The Inner Light Metaphysical Church at a Sunday evening message service. This was the beginning of a turn around for me. I felt that I hadn't really lost him.

After that, every evening, I talked to him without telling anyone about it. One time I asked him, "Jack what is it like up there?" The following Sunday he came through with, "It is Majestic."

I wasn't completely satisfied with messages from other mediums. One evening, feeling sorry for myself, I said to him, "I love you so, and miss you. Please let me know that you still love me." The next day as soon as I got up I began to feel warm waves of love coming at me from all directions. It was such an intense sensation. I had never felt anything like it before and did not at first understand what was happening to me. I finally remembered that I had asked him the night before, "Do you still love me". There are really no words to describe that feeling. I was esthetic.

The next thing I did was say to him, "You're up there and I am here, work with me. Let's do something". His answer the very next Sunday, was, "Yes, I will work with you".

I was beginning to think the mediums were simply reading my mind, and I didn't want that. One afternoon, I sat down to rest, and closed my eyes. I was just thinking of him, when I opened my eyes and noticed that it was raining very hard. In a light hearted mood, I closed my eyes and asked him mentally, "Jack what do you do when it rains?" With my eyes closed I saw him as clear as can be, run across the lawn and pop into the house with a big grin on his face, as much as to say, "I come in out of the rain".

Since I have been a psychic for so many years for other people, I wanted so much for this to be really him and not just my desires or whatever I thought I was doing.

Then one evening after I had gone to bed I started talking to him as I had done for many months, when for the first time, I heard him talking to me. The words seemed to be in my head. They had nothing to do with my recital of my days events. He said, and I quote his exact words, "Honey, I have to leave you now for a while. I am needed. There will be fire, earthquake and flood. Many, many will die. But it will not come near you".

I was startled, but didn't know what he was talking about until the next evening when I turned on the TV Evening News and

heard about the Chernoble Melt down. Then I understood what he was talking about. Since that time he has been very busy. It is very much like him to want to be useful wherever he is.

Because of his manifestations, I feel that I haven't really lost him. And it is easier to go on living and believing that God does indeed provide for us. Incidentally, my Jack is not a Ghost. He is an intelligent presence which I can see, as he used to be, hear clearly, talk to and get answers. It really pays to have studied about psychic phenomena. I say this because so many people have said to me, "I don't have time to study, or meditate." More is the pity.

Lily O'Donnell

## **Psychic Survey Finds . . .** *5/8/84 Enquirer* **One in 4 College Kids Has Had Out-of-Body Experience**

A surprising 45 of 200 college students polled in a new psychic survey revealed they'd had an out-of-body experience, the Journal of Parapsychology reported.

Of the 45, one-third — or 15 students — said their eerie experience took place during a life-threatening situation — such as a severe illness or an accident. The poll was based on questionnaires submitted by 53 male and 147 female volunteers at St. Louis University.

The survey also found that those who revealed out-of-body experiences tended to be responsible, stable, curious, sociable, risk-takers and nonconformists.



## OPINION POLLS

Rick Webber of Oaklawn, Illinois writes, "Invite a few readers on ghost hunts. Publish the findings because I'm sure that they (other readers) would like to experience as well as read about psychic phenomena."

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Bill Malecek of Berwyn, Illinois comments, "Should have an attractive cover. Cassette tapes for sale. Also photographed pictures in cemeteries but never got anything interesting. I love to explore the unknown: UFO's, Bigfoot, mysterious animals. I'm a fossil hunter for years and that is in itself exciting."

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Ronald Wilson of Lansing, Michigan says, "Ghost is part of the occult world which is only a level of the religious studies. I would like to see more subjects. Ghosts is only one topic. Spirits is much more elements; fairies, vampires, demons, mermaids, angels, heaven, after death and so on. Would like to see a write in. People with questions getting their answers. Would like to see ideas and theories. There are 100's of books on tales but people usually want to know how or why they can exist. They question their religion which most ministers do not understand so misunderstanding is one another. A "Dear Abbey" column. A writer who can express theories, ideas and thoughts well. Even I would be willing to write, but I need to know what area you would need a topic in. Pictures are hard to make clearer. Reviews are only the opinion of one person who may not see beyond the words or films. The newsletter does not offer solution too much. It tells "what" but a person who is really interested wants to know "why & how". Experiences and facts are not enough."

## BOOK REVIEWS

The Ghost Hunter's Guide by Peter Underwood. (Published in U.K. by Blandford Press, Poole, Dorset. Distributed in USA by: Sterling Publishing Company, Inc., Two Park Ave., New York, NY. 10016, 1987, 222 pages, \$18.95 (US), \$27.50 (Canada))

"Who ya goin' call? - Ghostbusters!" Well, maybe not, serious ghost hunting is something else again. For something that supposedly does not exist, there is a wealth of evidence, and there is no doubt that our popular culture - movies, literature, television, plays - would be poorer without ghosts and unknown phenomena. The British, it seems, have the market cornered on both ghosts and detailed research. Peter Underwood, the author of this new book is well qualified to delve into the subject (i.e. Haunted London, Into the Occult, Ghost of Wales, A Host of Hauntings, The Vampire's Bedside Companion, etc.), and has been President of the Ghost Club for many years. The cautious approach to a very controversial topic is well in evidence in the first few chapters, as he warns of meticulously checking out every alternative explanation before deciding that the place is indeed haunted. He delves into the various types of ghosts that one may encounter (there are at least six ranging from poltergeists to crisis apparitions), and the equipment one should employ (a good photograph or tape recording while not conclusive can be extremely helpful in presenting the case to skeptics).

Mr. Underwood is not convinced of the importance or exorcism, noting that while it may serve to call the residents of the afflicted place, it more often does nothing to prevent a reoccurrence of the phenomena.

The book quotes The Earl of Lauderdale, speaking on the subject of exorcism in the House of Lords in 1975: "We are bedeviled by ignorant handling of this delicate subject by the media; they do not begin to understand what they are talking about". Obviously, equal care must be taken when interviewing participants in the supposed events, because as likely as not, you may be dealing with persons who are either frightened out of their wits, or tend to embroider events to make them seem more fantastic than they are. In this light, sample questionnaires are presented, so as to narrow the focus of the investigation. There are a number of black and white photographs in this book showing the author conducting investigations as well as of such famous ghosts as: The "Brown" Lady of Raynham Hall, the 1959 Corroboree Rock (Australia) Ghost, and the Combermere Ghost. To be fair, both sides of the question are presented, as when the faked photographic postcard of the ghost of Catherine Howard is illustrated. Mr. Underwood also mentions the infamous 1922 Cenotaph photo when the faces of living sportsmen were included with those of the recently deceased soldiers!

A number of earlier cases in this book (Borley Rectory, The Tulip Staircase Ghost of Greenwich, the Lombroso poltergeist or Turin, Italy) are well-known to serious researchers, but may be new to people just getting into the subject. It is when seldom mentioned ghosts are discussed that the book gets fascinating -

as the ghost train near Farnham or the tobacco-smoking ghost at Bramshott. The book is not confined to the British Isles as there are sections on Ghost Hunting in Europe, in North America, in Australia and the Far East. The latter is particularly worthwhile as we seldom hear much about supernatural events in the land of the Southern Cross. Canada is well represented by the Amherst Mystery (Nova Scotia - 1879), the old William Lyon MacKenzie homestead, and the Old Toronto City Hall (the courtroom has a dark outline of something standing in the dock where many murderers met their fate).

One of the oddities about ghosts is that some of them are so regular in their habits - constantly turning up like the proverbial bad penny on certain dates. This leads to the conclusion that perhaps a fluctuating electromagnetic field may have a lot to do with their appearances. There is a calendar of ghostly dates when phantoms appear with clock-like precision, even surmounting the calendar change instituted by Britain in 1752. If you wish to have a good chance of meeting an apparition, these are the dates when you should be in the locality. Naturally, Halloween and Christmas (very appropriate considering Charles Dickens) are very nearly tied for the greatest number of manifestations.

There is a very extensive reference section dealing with addresses to contact should you need assistance with an investigation. The bibliography contains the greatest number of books I have ever seen mentioned on ghosts, but I suspect that some of these may be out-of-print, or otherwise unavailable to North American readers.

This is an interesting handbook for the psychic investigator, and is peppered with plenty of true ghost stories that have stood the test of the years. Don't miss it.

Reviewed by:

W. Ritchie Benedict, #12 - 401 Grier Avenue N.E., Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2K 3T8.



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